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Judge

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ALI BABA KNICKERBOCKER AND THE FORTY TAMMANY THIEVES.

Morgiana *Reform*, the faithful servant of Ali Baba *Knickerbocker*, found that her master had admitted the *Tammany* robbers into his house, and that the smooth oil-merchant, *Croker*, was their captain. She kept her own counsel, but started in to do things. She lighted her lamp of *investigation*, filled a great kettle with accumulated *evidence*, and set it to boil on the fire of the *citizens' indignation*.

As soon as the kettle boiled, this plucky *Reform* girl dipped from its contents a good supply of scalding hot *justice* and poured it into the big jars, which were the fat *municipal offices* of *Greater New York*. Of course the robbers who were snugly concealed therein could not survive such treatment. They squirmed and howled and perished.

But the foxy *Croker*, their captain, who had personally kept out of public office, remained safely hidden in his cave at *Tammany Hall*. After a while he cautiously opened the window and looked out. Seeing no *red light*, and hearing no noise, nor any one stirring, he gave the appointed signal by throwing a brick or two, which hit the jars, as he doubted not by the sound they gave. He then listened, but not hearing or perceiving anything whereby he could judge that his companions stirred, he began to grow very uneasy, and could not comprehend the reason that none of them should answer his signal. Much alarmed, he went softly down into the yard, and going to the first jar, while asking the robber in it, one *Slippery Van Wyck*, whom he thought alive, if he was in readiness, smelt the hot boiled oil, which had melted all of *Van's ice*, and sent forth a foul-smelling steam out of the *City Hall* jar. Hence *Croker* suspected that his plot to murder Ali Baba *Knickerbocker* and plunder his house was discovered.

Examining all the jars, one after another, *Croker* found that all his gang were dead; and, enraged to despair at having failed in his design, he forced the lock of a door that led from the yard to the garden, and, climbing over the walls of *Manhattan*, made his escape to *England*.

—JUDGE'S *new version of the "Arabian Nights."*

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WOULDN'T THAT JAR THEM?

Judge

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THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN in China is loot.

* * *

ALFRED AUSTIN is a case of "poeta nascitur non fit" for publication.

* * *

THE WELTINS and the De Wets have that likeness, one family for the other, which amounts to a dislike.

* * *

IS MRS. NATION going to start in wrecking newspapers now? She has edited the Peoria *Journal* for one day.

* * *

WHEN the empress dowager of China will she won't, and when she won't she will, and there's an end on 't.

* * *

THE JUNIOR SENATOR from Indiana talks interestingly, and can also write; but not everybody cares for him as a steady Beveridge.

* * *

EMPEROR KWANG-SU CROKER has issued a reform decree and ordered the Tammany Boxer leaders to commit suicide.

* * *

THE NATIVE LADIES of the Philippines smoke big cigars, but are spirited, vivacious and charming. Where there's smoke there must be fire.

* * *

COLONEL ROOSEVELT says that in his Colorado hunting-trip he didn't meet a single bear or wolf, but now he sees many signs of tall lyin' about him.

* * *

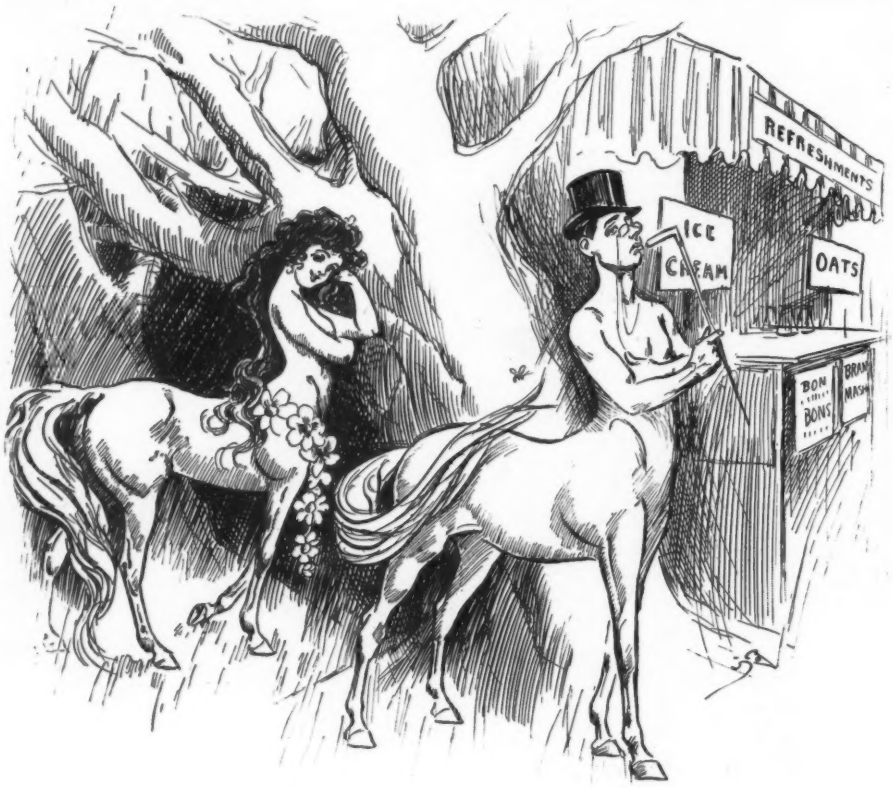
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY tried for twenty years to get into one magazine, and by that time it had declined itself and fallen into the hands of a receiver.

* * *

THE ACCUMULATIONS of Collis P. Huntington are so much larger than they were supposed to be that many wonder he did not postpone his departure until a later period.

* * *

THE CANADIANS and the Australians would like King Edward to understand that, while they are willing to fight as volunteers, a draft is a very different thing. They even cry out, with the Scotch, "Hoot mon!"



CANDY OR FEED.

CHOLLY CENTAUR—"What the deuce shall I treat her to—chocolate caramels or a bale of hay?"

THE ATLANTIC OCEAN CRITICIZED.

A BRITISH STEAMSHIP named the Critic drifted into the port of New York last week, a month overdue and in a sadly demoralized condition, having encountered a succession of gales, fogs, snow and hailstorms, run into a derelict, and been struck by lightning. The Critic is a bad enough sailor to justify her name.

PHILANTHROPY COMES HIGH.

EX-MAYOR HEWITT of New York city believes in giving advice, not money, and through no fault of his own is a millionaire. Recently he delivered an address, advising other rich men on the use of their wealth. In return he has received several thousand letters from poor men, advising him to address them cheques for various amounts.

PRAYER VERSUS THE HATCHET.

THE REVEREND T. DE WITT TALMAGE emerges to say that he is moved to give "a qualified but still sufficiently cordial approval" to Mrs. Nation's saloon-smashing methods, provided they result in driving out liquor, though as to prayer versus the hatchet he is in favor of prayer. Mrs. Nation thinks just the reverse, but is willing to give prayer a chance if it can really smash "joints."

SLAVERY BY LAW.

THE DISCOVERY in South Carolina of mines to which negroes and other humble workers are sent by the law, as a part of the contract system, is not new. It is a kind of slavery that has been in vogue in many southern localities ever since the old kind passed away. The JUDGE months ago called attention to a new kind of literature—the story of an ignorant black boy who had spent years in one of these mines where he and many others, including women and children, were treated as convicts, along with the stripes, the whip, and the chain and ball. There is a call for another Mrs. Stowe, and the JUDGE predicts that the unearthing of the facts will cover a very broad southern field.

PROFESSIONAL JURORS.

JUSTICE BREWER of the United States supreme court in attacking the jury system gives additional weight to suggestions made by the JUDGE a good many times. The system, as he says, is a relic of semi-barbaric ages. It is painful to look back and see how often it has been lauded as a trial by one's peers; whereas the juror is lowered by it so that he becomes less than a peer, even if he is so fortunate as to be looked upon by bench and bar and the people as better than a fool. The judge treats him as if he were a felon, and the lawyers use him largely for purposes of sport. He is a prisoner and is watched as if he were a thief. He is the subject of a contemptuous criticism which the law would not venture upon in the open field. If he resents insult he is fined, and perhaps imprisoned. He has no rights which even a black man is bound to respect. He must ever give up his time and his business at the call of the law, which is the high priest of this country, and work for less than the wages of a ditch-digger. It is a crying and a growing evil that men don't want to serve as jurors, but why should they? It is not their business to attend to the business of their neighbors. The courts are indignant that they should try to escape what is said to be their duty; but judges and lawyers get pay for their services—why should not jurors? Doubtless professional jurors would be a slight infringement of the system as originally intended; but why not professional jurors as well as judges and lawyers educated to the law, with the emoluments belonging to that service? Would they be less capable, less honest, less heedful of justice and fair play? Justice Brewer is right. Give us the professional juror and let him have fair play.

BOUND TO WORRY ANYWAY.

TOURIST (*in Frozen Dog*)—"I suppose since Hurricane Bill died this community has lived in an atmosphere of utter security?"
SHERIFF—"Not a bit, stranger! Hurricane Bill wuz no sooner dead and buried than the fools begun worryin' about microbes."

THE WRONG KIND.

"ILGAL hasn't much moral courage," said Poindexter.

"No, but he has plenty of immoral courage," said Swayback.

A CHEAPER METHOD.

Knicker—"Jinks has been ordered abroad to take the mud baths."

Bocker—"Why doesn't he stay at home and run for office?"

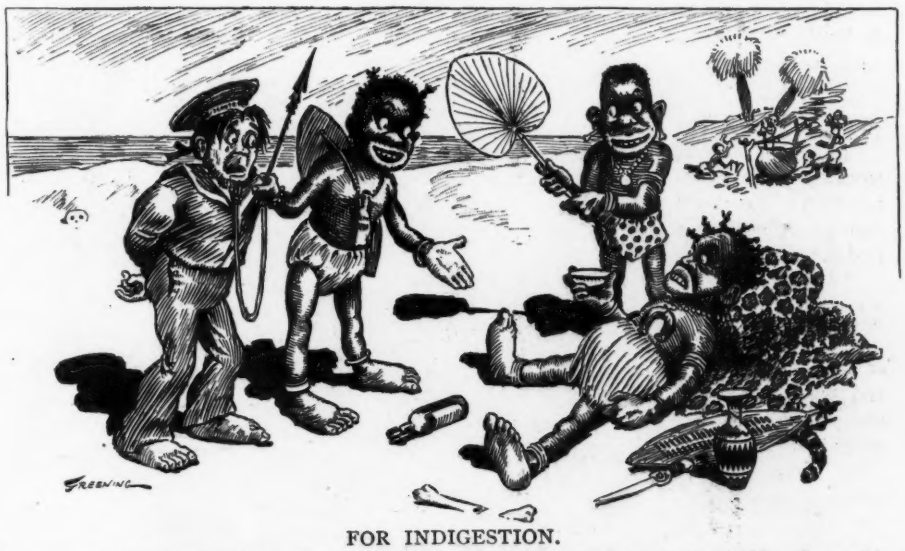
PROPERLY ESTIMATED.

HE SAID, "I'm a man of few words,"
And in that some reason there lurked;
He was really a man of few words—
That were fearfully overworked.

JUST HIS WAY.

Mabel—"I sometimes think that Charlie doesn't love me—he acts so silly."

Agnes—"Nonsense! When he acts silly that shows he's in earnest."



FOR INDIGESTION.

THE ROYAL COOK—"Does your royal highness feel well enough to partake of this sailor we have captured?"
KING UM YAH—"Yes, chuck him in the pot. I'll try this salt cure I've heard so much about."

PICKING A LOCK.

CERTAINLY.

"WHAT do you think of the people in those Chicago vaccination parties?"

"They are to be pitted."

THE BOWERY.

Jay Green—"While I was up to the city I smoked some cigars that cost three for a dollar."

Abner Appledry—"Good gosh! Did ye?"

Jay Green—"Yep! Got the three of 'em by playin' a slot-machine a dollar's worth."

BRIBERY.

PUP—"Please, Mr. Bear, let me go and I'll tell where I hid a great big bone."

Photo. by Burr McIntosh.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

AMELIA BINGHAM IN "THE CLIMBERS."

Amelia, bright and amiable star,
More generous than most favored artistes are,
You give your company a chance, and render
Grace unto all, the while you shine in splendor.
To you, first homage! and, upon the whole,
We're glad to see "The Climbers" reach their goal.

A DUTIFUL FATHER.

UNCLE CY COOPER—"Well, I heern ye bin buyin' more land?"

CAL PLUNKITT—"Yes, I bought thet three acres of Hi Ellicks for my son Henry. Henry's gittin' tired of preachin' down there at Buggsville, an' says he wants a new field fer to work in, so I jes' up an' bought one, an' writ him to cum hum an' work it!"

HOW RUDE OF THE PAINTER.

PAINTER (*to Cholly, who has just had a pot of cerulean blue drop on him*)—"Say, young feller, do youse t'ink youse kin walk away wid our paint dat way? Youse's got about a buck's wort' dere, so jes' cough up before youse gits a whang on de lamp."

THE REAL THING.

(*Extract from a friendly letter written by a grippe patient.*)

"THIS case of grippe has removed every rose-bud from my flower-bestrewn path and substituted stumps and rocks. It's squeezed all the moisture out of me and made bones and head ache simultaneously. It's spoiled my appetite and taste for all good things—including whisky and beer, and turned me into a temporary volcano—causing voluminous eruptions and seismic disturbances in the lower regions abdominal, tantalizing my usual equanimity. My organ of smell is laboring under the erroneous impression that there is attached to each opening an automatic, pneumatic, self-acting pump, charged with finely-ground dry-powdered cayenne pepper, getting in it's deadly work with each stroke—'xcuse me while I sneeze."

IN TOPSYTURVY LAND.

BED—"Oh, I hate to get up. This is the softest man I ever slept on."

PEACE OR PIECES?

BEFORE the recent fracas in the Oriental shop,
(Where lions, bears and eagles join to make the dragon hop,)
The nations held a conference to prove that war should cease,
And all expressed a strong desire to keep unbroken peace.
But since a rare antique is smashed,
('twas genuine, none finer,)
The nations' strong desire is now one broken piece—of China!

ANNA MATHEWSON.

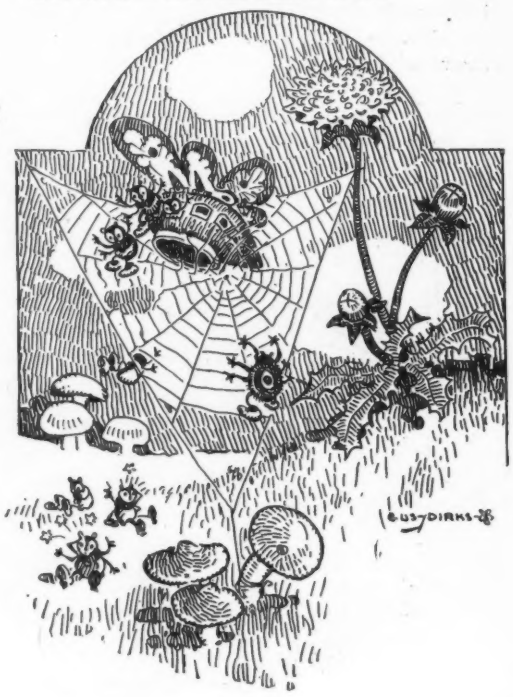
A LENTEN SACRIFICE.

Rector—"My dear friend, have you made up your mind what to give up this Lenten season?"

Parishioner—"Yes, doctor."

Rector—"What, my dear friend?"

Parishioner—"My pew."



CAPTAIN BUG—"Jump, boys! The flying-ship has run on to a spider's web!"

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WHERE THE HUMOR LAY.

MR. JONES—"I have just been reading a funny case—a chap who has been married seven times."
MRS. JONES—"I don't see anything funny about that."
MR. JONES—"Why, his name is Bliss!"

THE EASIEST SOLUTION.

JERROLD (*telling story*)—"Twice I snapped my rifle at the charging lion; it failed to explode. He was right upon me—and what do you think I did then?"

ETHEL (*yawning*)—"Woke up!"

UP WITH THE TIMES.

"I GUESS they don't have horse-marines now," said Bunting.

"Certainly not," replied Larkin. "The modern sort are horseless marines."

A VOICE OF POWER.

SHE sang. Her voice quite filled the parlor;
'Twas strong, and raised with that intent.
It also filled the outside garden—
For that's where everybody went.

THE NEW WOMAN.

SILAS SEEDLIN—"I heern that Hank Cooper's wife has left him."

JIM MEENER—"I want to know!"

SILAS SEEDLIN—"Yes. She says she's just sick an' tired of carryin' water, pickin' up chips, an' chorin' round while Hank loafs at the saloons."

JIM MEENER—"Well, there, now ye see what high notions these wimmin are gettin' since they started 'at air new culture society."

INTELLIGENT INDIANS.

"ARE the Indians, as a rule, very intelligent?" asked the tenderfoot of the reservation agent.

"Well, those on this reservation are a very level-headed lot."

"What tribe do they belong to?"

"The Flatheads."

A PETITION.

OH, LADIES who go to the theatre show
And to seeing the stage put a stop,
If you do not approve that your hats you remove—
Take "a little bit off the top!"

G. B.

AN OLD COMPLAINT.

Crawford—"Has the doctor told you the worst yet?"

Crabshaw—"Yes; he said his bill was fifty dollars."

"If mammy ketch me usin' her new steel knives fo' skates I reckon she most skin me wid 'em.'

IN EARLY TIMES.

MRS. STONEAGE—"Be careful and don't fracture his skull, dear. We need it to complete our dinner-set."

AUSPICIOUS.

First book-keeper—"Dobson has been chuckling to himself over his work all day. He must see something very amusing in the figures he's working with."

Second book-keeper—"That so? Well, let's watch out and get away the minute closing-up time comes. His three-year-old boy has been saying something cute again."

Miggs—"How did Richer break his engagement to the telephone-girl?"

Featherstonehall—"He simply said, 'Ring off.'"

FLY—"Say, mister, better watch out for his tail; it's awful dangerous."

TO CHARGE AND TO GET.

A PLUMBER came to our house one day this week to do some repairing. He was a nice man—for a plumber. He came fully prepared, too; didn't have to go back after anything and spend unnecessary time. He was a beginner, I think. He seemed to be quite intellectual—for a plumber. He asked me if I had read "To Have and To Hold." I told him that I had, and, wishing to ascertain the extent of his knowledge, I drew him out—quite skillfully, I think. I soon found that, as I expected, he had some very erroneous ideas concerning the book. I believe in the education of the common people to a certain extent, and so I undertook to explain to him wherein he erred. I found him very set in his opinions, and it took me the best part of an hour and a half to make him see things my way; but of course he finally came round and admitted that I was right. When I left him he seemed to be much amused over something. I presume that he had just discovered the point of a joke that I had told him.

The bill for the plumbing came to-day. Charge is made for two hours' work, but I am confident that it did not take more than thirty minutes to fix that pipe. I intend to investigate this and tell the young man's employer what I think of his methods. I feel it my duty to advise this young man to seek employment elsewhere, where he will not be under bad influence. I am quite interested in him. Mrs. C. says that they are charging for the time that I was explaining the book to him, but I cannot believe that—he was such a nice young man. C.

UNTIMELY GREETING.

FIRST BRONCO-BUSTER—"Howdy, Bill?"
SECOND BRONCO-BUSTER—"Why, hello, Buck! Shake!——

——I ain't seen ye——

MULTUM IN PARVO.

HAMLET—"What'll be my cue if they throw hen's eggs?"
STAGE-MANAGER—"Duck-eggs."

THE SWAGGER SET.

"WELL, no," said the loquacious landlord of the tavern at Pettyville a trifle sarcastically; "we ain't got any exclusive set or coterie that call themselves the four hundred of this village, but we are afflicted with what some of the rest of us are mean enough to designate as the snobbish Smythe class. It consists of Jones, who spell themselves 'Joughnes,' Johnsons, who are 'Johnstones,' 'Millars,' 'Brownes,' 'Jenkynses,' and so forth, all of whom have given up croquet for golf, and owe the balance of us money."

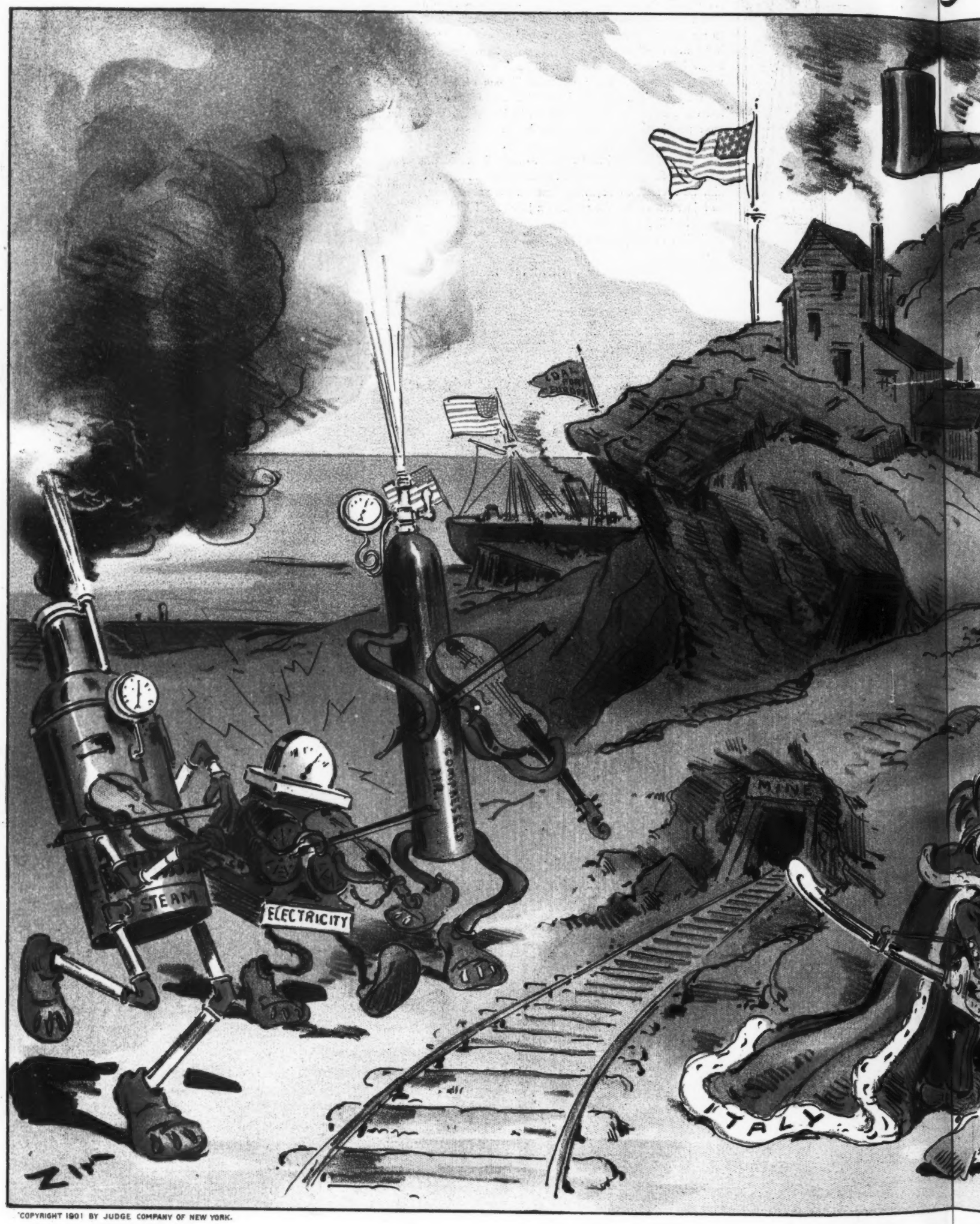
A SAD TRAVESTY.

Englishman—"Is it true that the Brooklyn trolley has killed hundreds since it started?"

Gothamite—"Yes. That's the worst corporation we have for grinding down the poor."

WILLIE FLY—"By Jove! that lady surely intends to flirt. She's been looking this way a long time."

——ter a long time."



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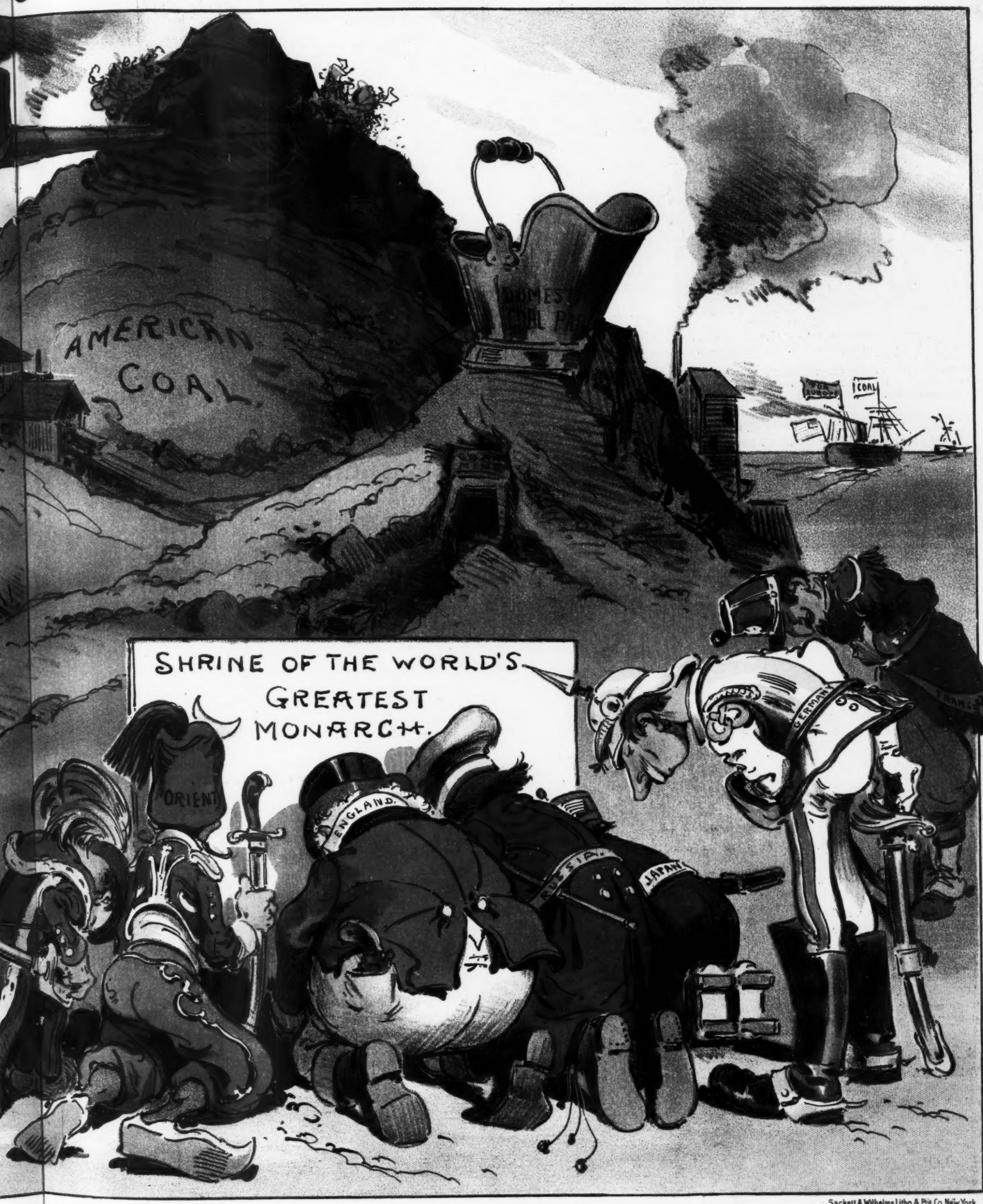
THE KING O

Old King (American) Coal is a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul is he ;



Sackett & Wilhelms Litho & Prg. Co. New York.

ING OF KINGS.

l,

He calls for his (stove) pipe and he calls for his (coal) bowl,
And he calls for his fiddlers three.

SHE WASN'T IN DANGER.

SARAH AGER—"So many of the girls complain thet they are jest afraid to go to the post office Sat'day nights owin' to the men tryin' to flirt."

PHŒBE WINTERS—"Oh, fiddlesticks! I been goin' there ev'ry Sat'day night fer nigh on fourteen year, an' I hain't had no trouble."

NOVEL RESUSCITATION.

He—"I had an odd dream last night."

She (indifferently)—"What was it?"

He—"Well, I dreamed I went out boating with a party of ladies, which I'd never do if I were awake, you know—no other man along. As anybody would expect under such circumstances the boat was soon upset, and there we were, all struggling in the water. I tried to save some of them, but couldn't, and pretty soon found myself walking along the shore, wringing my hands and bewailing the fate of the women. Just then Brown came along, and naturally wanted to know what the matter was. I told him.

"'And oh,' I cried, 'they're all drowned, they're all drowned!'

"'That's nothing,' said he. 'Quit that racket, and I'll tell you how to bring them to life again.'

"'Quick! How?' exclaimed I.

"'Take a large mirror, and go out there and hold it over the place where they went down.'

"'Why, what good will that do?' said I, surprised.

"'Oh, they will all come right up to see if their hats are on straight.'"

HOW IT LOOKED.

MAGGIE—"Did little Chimmie get anyt'ing else fer his birthday 'sides dat candy cane?"

KATIE—"Guess he did! I hain't seen him sit down since he's bin chawin' on it."

WELL UP.

PARSON GOODMAN—"I suppose you know 'the grave is not the goal,' Robert?"
ROBERT—"Yes, sir."
PARSON GOODMAN—"And what is the goal, Robert?"
ROBERT—"Two posts with a wire stretched between them, sir."

REFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

MEN will never cease to betray until women cease to believe in them.

The man never lived able to resist flattery when aimed at his special shortcoming.

From a man's standpoint, the only wives who have really made a success of the part are the dead ones.

After the first year or so of married life, many men regard their wives as hirelings who do not earn their support.

Nothing in the world is more exciting than the first interview with a man who assays more than ninety per cent. in the mint of mentality.

The man who stood between "the devil and the deep sea" had a choice position in comparison with that of the honest mutual friend of an up-to-date married couple.

VADA AGNEW.

MISS AVOIRDUPOIS.

SHE'S keeping Lent. To wash away
Her sins? It is not that.
She finds this fasting day by day
A splendid anti-fat.

DIPLOMACY.

Father—"You need expect nothing from me when I die."

Son (spendthrift)—"I don't. That's why I try to get all I can out of you while you are alive."

BILLY GETS UP EARLY AND PARTAKES OF A *LIGHT* REPAST.

THE FOUNT OF YOUTH.

The fount of youth has oft been sought
  Since days of long ago,
And oft in fancy men have seen
  Its living waters flow.
Through desert, swamp and wilderness
  The search has been pursued,
In hope that by the magic fount
  Youth's charms might be renewed.

But men have turned from that vain quest,
  Their hopes forever crushed;
For though they searched through all the world
  No magic fountain gushed.
And men resigned themselves to age
  That robbed them of their grace,
That sapped their strength and thickly spread
  Time's wrinkles on the face.

In later years men's thoughts have turned
  To plans for longer life,
And in elixirs they have sought
  New strength for daily strife.
And oft 'tis heralded abroad
  That scientist or sage
Has finally evolved a plan
  To stay the blight of age.

But men grow old, and women, too,
  As in the days of yore,
For no elixirs they have tried
  Their youthful charms restore.
And as they can't deceive themselves
  Some seek to hide the truth,
And dye and bleach their hair and paint
  On cheeks the hues of youth.

The fount of youth is in each heart,
  And those who keep it pure
Will longer hold the charms of youth
  And length of life secure.
And when at last that fountain fails,
  And old age on them steals,
They'll bear it well because no man
  Is older than he feels.

—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Cosmetics are deadly and ruin the skin,
Complexions are properly built from within.
To have rosy cheeks and a cuticle clear,
Take Ripans Tabules—they're without any peer.

Mrs. Kingsley—"Wasn't your husband out very late last night?" *Mrs. von Blumer* (sweetly)—"Yes; but I felt sure he would be. He told me he was going to meet your husband."—*Tid-Bits.*

The Sohmer piano is recognized by the music-loving public as one of the best in the world. Visit the warerooms, Sohmer building, 170 Fifth avenue, before buying elsewhere.

NEW VERSION.

Carrie, Carrie! I've been thinking
  What a dead one you would be
If the booze were all exported
  Far across some distant sea.

David, David! I've been thinking
  If the booze should make that trip
All the drinkers in creation
  Would go aboard and sink the ship.

Utica Herald-Dispatch.

CHAPPED SKIN
is a winter plague easily avoided by the use of
PACKER'S Tar Soap
—*Med. Standard*, Chicago.
Apply a generous lather and dry without rinsing.
The Packer Mfg. Co., New York.

If you could buy U. S. bonds on the instalment plan and have all unpaid instalments canceled at your death, you'd do it, of course. In effect you can do just that if you get a policy in the
PENN MUTUAL LIFE,
921-3-5 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia.

A good story is going the rounds at Columbia regarding one of the sarcastic professors, who was recently conducting an oral examination in a very scientific study. There was one student—handsome, easy and self-possessed—who appeared to be utterly ignorant of the simplest phases of the subject. Professor W. put question after question to him without receiving one intelligent reply. Finally the student said naïvely, with just a touch of reproach, "I'm very unfortunate, professor; you never ask me anything I know." The professor said nothing, but gravely tore off a tiny piece of paper from a convenient pad. "Here, Mr. B.," he said, handing it to the student; "write all you know. Take plenty of time—there's no hurry."—*New York Times.*

Sailing under false colors are all cheap and poisonous domestic substitutes of DR. SIEGERT'S Angostura Bitters, the great South American tonic.

Oh, great, uncanny chimpanzee!
  I ask and shudder while I view,
"Will my descendants look on me
  With the contempt I feel for you?"

—*Washington Star.*

Use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for your cough, or cold on chest or lungs. It is truly a wonderful medicine. No other remedy has made so many remarkable cures. Price, 25 cents.

A DIFFERENT MATTER.

"We learned at West Point," said Representative Driggs of Brooklyn, "that every pleb who comes to the academy is put down as a member of the Young Men's Christian Association. He doesn't have to apply for membership—the upper-class men have his name written on the Young Men's Christian Association rolls—unless the pleb states distinctly that he does not wish to join. In that connection a rather amusing incident occurred. When we had Cadet Burnett, president of the Young Men's Christian Association, on the witness-stand we drew the information from him. He is a bright boy, and after he had been questioned extensively was turned over to my colleague, Judge W. I. Smith. I don't tell this in any sacrilegious spirit, but the judge met with a severe 'buffer.' He gave Cadet Burnett a very harsh moral lecture, and exhorted him to imitate the example of the Saviour in filling the office of president of the Young Men's Christian Association. 'Go out among the plebs and mingle kindly with them,' said the judge. 'Don't you think, young man, that would be more like a Christian? Did the Saviour ever set Himself up in such a haughty fashion?' 'No,' answered the cadet quickly; 'but He did not have a military academy on His hands.' The judge had to set up drinks after the committee adjourned."—*Washington Post.*

She has a tooth for candy that is sure.
She shows it in a way that's quite demure.
It's her wisdom tooth you see,
That is asking you and me,
For another box of Whitman's good and pure.
Whitman's
Chocolates and Confections
are sold everywhere. Ask for them. Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate is perfect in flavor and quality, delicious and healthful. Made instantly with boiling milk.
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
1316 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"We want a new rolling-pin. I think this is the tenth time I've told you.' *Mr. Crimsonbeak*—"Yes; I know you've thrown it at me before."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A SOLDIER TO DEATH.

I flirt with you, I mock you morn and night;
Fly to your arms at eve, smile in your face at dawn;
But all the while 'tis life I love, not you,
Who only kiss the lips that can no longer sue.

—*L. B. N. in London Outlook.*

The best is not too good for you. Use Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Druggists and grocers.

Assistant Attorney-General Beck says that Philadelphians are not so slow in the game of politics as New Yorkers seem to think. He relates that a man who had rendered the party much service went to Governor Beaver of Pennsylvania and asked for a position as janitor in the State House. The Governor said to him, "You are an excellent man, but the position is filled." The politician, very disconsolate, wandered along the banks of the Susquehanna. He saw a body brought from the water, and to his surprise he saw that it was that of the man who had been appointed to the place that he wanted. He did not lose any time, but ran to the Governor and said he wanted the place. The Governor replied blandly, "There is no vacancy." "But," says the applicant, "I saw that man taken out of the water." "Yes," replied Governor Beaver; "I have just appointed the man who saw him fall in."

Queen Wilhelmina—"It is rather unkind of the king of England not to send a wedding-present." *Mr. Krüger*—"Never mind, my dear; you have me."—*London Outlook.*

He—"So you think you could learn to love me?" *She*—"Yes; but I'm very forgetful."—*March Smart Set.*

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"Brudders an' sisters, hearken now
  To what I has to say:
If yo' doan' make right de sins you's done
  Yo'll hab trouble on de las' great day.

"Ole Sambo Rudd tole me yisterday
  Dat a chicken was tooked from his estate.
Now, de niggah what saw dat fowl go 'way
  Will please put nuffin' on de plate."

Ole Parson Jones looked very wise
  An' chuckled up in his sleeve
As he saw ebery niggah in dat church
  Put a coin on de plate (or make believe).

For when Deacon Lord counted out the change,
  While he glanced from left to right,
He found many buttons which he thought were dimes
  Mixed up with "the widow's mite."

—*Mrs. Edgar van Etten.*

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How often is ambition crushed,
And in a single minute,
By some blunt sage who simply says,
"There ain't no money in it."
—*Arkansaw Thos. Cat.*

According to the New York *Evening Post*, Mark Twain has stood before kings. As a general rule, however, it is a good deal safer to stand behind them.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

William D. Howells asks, "Why should any one love New York?" Well, if we have only one guess, Mr. Howells, we will say because it is a respectable distance from Boston.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Insurance-agent—"We can't insure you." *Old man*—"Why not?" *Insurance-agent*—"You are ninety-four years old." *Old man*—"What of that? Statistics will tell you that fewer men die at ninety-four than at any other age."—*London Tid-Bits.*

Gotham—"I see Grover Cleveland has decided never to become President of the United States again." *Church*—"Where did you see that?" *Gotham*—"Why, he made a speech, the other night, in which he said the country could never be the same again."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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Ef hit wuzn't fer de hope what's ahead er us some folks would be ten dollars behind time ever' day in de week.—De worl' is doin' de bes' hit kin wid de material on han'. De only trouble is, some er de material is mighty po' timber.—Rich mens hez dey troubles ez well ez po' mens. I rickollect I had two dollars once, en hit took me two weeks ter know what ter do wid it.—Hit's a mighty great consolation ter think, in de time er trouble, dat de poverty er dis worl' is de riches er heaven.—Now we sees throo a glass darkly; en some er us is 'bleege ter buy de glass on de installment plan.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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RES ANT - IQUÆ.

"Auntie dear, where do these fossil shells come from?"

"Oh, my dear child, a great many years ago they were washed up here by the sea."

"How long ago, auntie dear?"

"Ever so long ago, dear child."

"What! even before *you* were born, auntie?"

We gather from the remarks of Mr. William A. Brady that the prize-fighting business is getting in hard enough lines to demand a governmental subsidy.—*Baltimore American.*

Sam Johnsing—"I'se all right now. I'se gwinter get up." *Mrs. Johnsing*—"Fool niggah. Jess you stay in bed until you has tuck de rest ob de medicine in dat bottle what I paid a dollah foh."—*Arkansaw Thos. Cat.*

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Teacher—"Willie Jones, in his composition, says 'Spring has came.' Is that right, Tommy?" *Tommy Smart*—"Not by a jugful it ain't They ain't no tellin' when a blizzard 'll come skitin' along."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

"I notice that Justice Brewer says our gravest doubts are often the effect of a disordered liver." "Ah, I see. When in doubt take a liver-pill."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"What did that Kansas woman want?" "She wanted a hatchet-pocket put in the side of her seal coat."—*Chicago Record.*

THEATRE ROYAL, SOUTH AFRICA, FEBRUARY 1ST, 1901.

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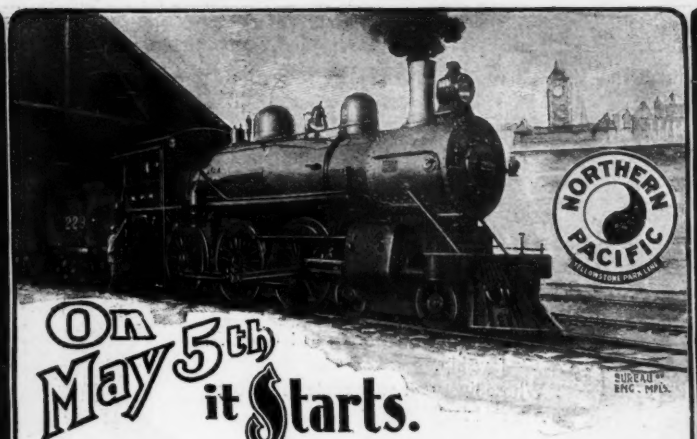

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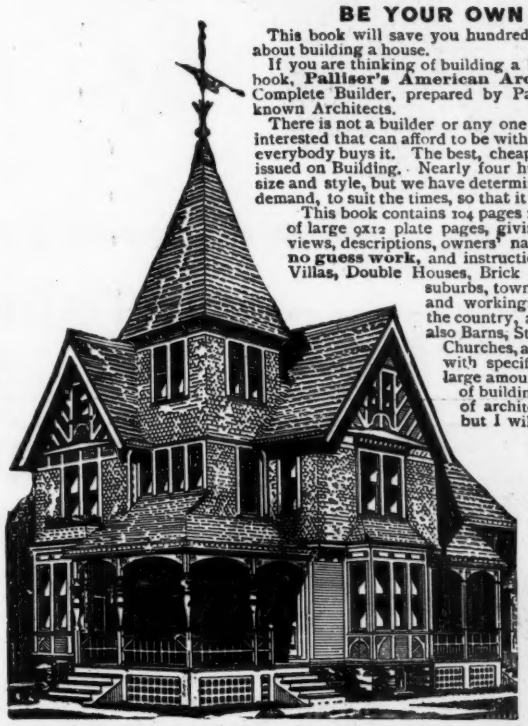

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STOUT PARTY—"No; don't trouble. This is the only exercise I ever take."

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It stood in the cellar low and dim,
Where the cobwebs swept and swayed,
Holding the store from bough and limb
At the feet of autumn laid.
And oft, when the days were short and drear
And the north-wind shrieked and roared,
We children sought in the corner, here,
And drew on the toothsome hoard.

For thus through the long, long winter-time
It answered our every call
With wine of the summer's golden prime
Sealed by the hand of fall.
The best there was of the earth and air,
Of rain and sun and breeze
Changed to a pippin sweet and rare
By the art of the faithful trees.

A wonderful barrel was this, had we
Its message but rightly heard,
Filled with the tales of wind and bee,
Of cricket and moth and bird;
Rife with the bliss of the fragrant June
When skies were soft and blue;
Thronged with the dreams of a harvest moon
O'er fields drenched deep with dew.

Oh, homely barrel, I'd fain essay
Your marvelous skill again.
Take me back to the past, I pray,
As willingly now as then—
Back to the tender morns and eves,
The noontides warm and still,
The fleecy clouds and the spangled leaves
Of the orchard over the hill.

—*Edwin L. Sabin in February "New" Lippincott.*

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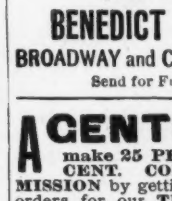

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TOOMEY (his ex-bartender)—"Oi did!"
CONSIDINE—"Did th' ould divil ketch ye, or are ye simply gettin over yure honeymoon?"